

Novel Dramat Entertainment In Convocation Hall Tonight

Satire, Wit and Humor Feature Freshie Night

THREE SKITS AND A COMEDY

Jury of Twelve "Ravishing" Maidens Promised for Court Room
Play in Dramat Concert Tonight

This evening at 8:15 sharp, in Convocation Hall, the curtain will rise upon an entirely new form of entertainment; something never before attempted on the campus; something that is worthy of support from every member of the student body—"The Freshman Dramat Night."

It is the desire of the Dramatic Society to ascertain, early in the session, just what fund of dramatic talent has recently entered the University by way of the Freshman Class. "Dramat Night" is the answer. And what an answer! Three skits, the casts of which are Freshettes, are to be presented, as composed entirely of Freshmen and well as a one-act play put on by upper-class men and women who have never before taken an active part in dramatic work at Varsity. All of these are being directed completely by junior and senior students.

The first skit is ably directed by Parker Kent, who will be remembered for his creditable performance last spring as Hugo Von Klaus in "See Naples and Die." It is entitled, "The Roaming Forum," and the cast includes:

President..... Jack Ewing
Ted McQuarrie..... J. E. Bredin
Miss Case..... Rosemary Boileau
Miss Brief..... Gertrude Ellert
Art Alecart..... Leonard Harper
Audience..... Barney Ringwood

The amazing similarity of the names of the debaters to various campus luminaries is, in a small way, an indication of the humor that emanates from this skit.

The second skit, directed by Alan Macdonald, is entitled, "Fair Enough," and boasts the following cast:

Judge..... Audrey Black
District Attorney..... Betty Mason
Defence Counsel..... Joan Tripp
Court Officers..... Eleanor McNair
and Isabel McLaggen.

Prisoner..... Milton Edwards
and a jury of twelve "ravishing" maidens.

This skit purports to show how justice would be dispensed if women were given their so-called "rights"—God forbid!

The third skit, entitled "Con Amore," and directed by Lewis Thomas, has for its cast:

Master of Ceremonies

Lewis Thomas
The Wife..... Vivian Hood
The Lover..... T. W. E. Henry
Don't let the small number in its cast lead you to think that the plot is small; because they put over in a big way.

The one-act play, "Oui, Oui Nanette," is being directed by the very able President of Dramatics, Larry Davis, and is a translation of the French play so successfully staged last spring by "Le Cercle Français." It is a play fully of delightful entertainment, which must be seen to be appreciated. In the cast are:

Nanette..... Hazel Sutherland
Julian Chandler..... David Ross
Buttons..... "Brummy" Aiello
Cashier..... Mary Slattery
Eugene, the Interpreter
Bill Holloway

Dubois, father of Nanette
Glen Shortliffe
Police Inspector..... Bert Ramelson
Constable..... Jack Ewing

The scenery and stagecraft are in the capable hands of Barney Ringwood, who has cut down to a minimum wood and a staff of assistants, who the time of scene-shifting between acts, and also to refrain from backstage noise.

Make-up is being attended to by Wally Beaumont, another versatile Freshman.

All this, combined with an over-the-top orchestra that will play peppy selections during the intermissions, will contribute to the success of this extravaganza.

Incidentally, the admission price is fifteen cents, and surely that won't break anyone; so don't take your girl friend to a movie or a dance—bring her to "Dramat Night."

CRETAN GLORIES LIVE ONCE MORE

Before the Greeks There Came a
Race That Did Much to Shape
the Grecian Mold—
the Minoans

Actuated by the premise that to comprehend European History one must eventually understand the civilizations of the ancient Aegean, Dr. W. S. Hardy spoke Thursday evening of the buried cities of Crete. In a most entertaining fashion, the lecturer unravelled threads of a civilization which has remained hidden and forgotten for three thousand years.

Due to the tireless efforts of Dr. Schliemann, by 1890 Mycenae, Tiryns and Orchomeno all attested to the existence of a pre-Grecian culture far superior to that of the early Greeks themselves. These early marvels, belong to the Isle of Crete. From 2400-1400 B.C. there arose a high material and artistic Minoan civilization. Two streams of influence molded their thought and development, the first from Egypt and the other from Asia Minor. In due time the city of Knossos became the leading trade centre for the Mediterranean world.

Its destruction can perhaps be directly attributed to the invasions of the Minyons and Achaeans. Be it as it may, by 1350 B.C. the Minoans had disappeared from recorded history. Their cities and palaces were pillaged and destroyed; decay and poverty set in; a cultural eclipse descended upon the island. For three thousand years the earth maintained its secret—it remained for a German baker and an English peer to reveal these forgotten wonders of a once important and significant people.

PLAY READING GROUPS MOOTED

All Interested Invited to Communicate With Dramat Executive

The Dramatic Society is organizing a Play Reading Group, and is anxious to obtain new members who are genuinely interested in the study of plays. A group consists of about 15 students, who meet once a fortnight for the reading and discussion of plays that are chosen by the members in accordance with their personal whims. The meetings usually take place at the homes of members of the faculty, and light refreshments are served. During the session about seven meetings are held, and consequently do not take up too much time, as practically no preparation is required for reading the part allotted to the individual member. There is a possibility of organizing three groups if sufficient students are interested, and the Dramat Executive is anxious to get into touch with any students who would like to be members if arrangements can be made sufficiently quickly to get under way immediately.

Students interested are urged to see any member of the Dramat Executive at the very earliest opportunity.

STUDY GROUPS ARE ORGANIZED

Capable Leaders Augur Well For S.C.M.

At the first general meeting in Athabasca Lounge a week Tuesday, the Students' Christian Movement launched another year's program of interesting work and study.

Under a live-wire executive, with Ralph Collins as President, Dwight Powell as Secretary, Clifton Elson as Treasurer, Rupert Warren, Ruth Freeman, Jay Vickery, Ena Paul, Norma Christie, the club is undertaking the study problems of great interest to all. This year most of the S.C.M. activity will be confined to small "study groups," composed of a few keenly interested students studying subjects of common appeal.

With such capable leaders as Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Tuttle, Dr. Moss, Mr. McDonald of the Baptist Church, and Mr. Craig of the Political Economy Department, these groups will gather informally to consider vital problems.

Dr. Sheldon's group, with a junior branch under Tom Haythorne, is studying the life of Jesus.

"The Bible in relation to modern thought" is the subject which has been chosen by Dr. Tuttle's group. Mr. McDonald's group deals with missionary problems, while Dr. Moss is conducting the work on "Science and Religion." The fifth group, with Mr. Craig as leader, is discussing the problems of labor and social legislation.

Each student will be able to find among these groups the one which is studying a problem of particular appeal to himself.

After the meeting, under the direction of Jay Vickery, refresh-

HALLOWE'EN DANCE PLANNED BY SKIERS

King Winter Speeds Organization of Junior Club

King Winter has paid us an early visit this year, much to the joy of the ski enthusiasts. The Varsity Ski Club held its first meeting on Tuesday, Oct. 17, about forty attending. The executive for next year is as follows:

President: Gordon Wynne.
Vice-president: Lois Hammond.
Sec.-treasurer: Bob Logie.
Executive: Ted Bishop, Watson Hunter.

Peter Farmer is superintending the building of the ski jump. All male members of the club are requested to get in touch with Pete and help him construct this jump.

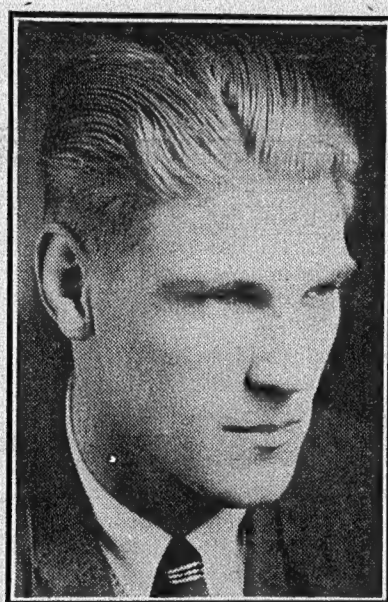
The membership fee has been set at \$1.00 per member. This will entitle you to concessions in all purchases of equipment, on moonlight hikes, ski-joring, Sunday hikes, dances, etc. See any member of the executive.

The club is holding three dances this year. The first is to be held on Oct. 31st (Hallowe'en). Those responsible allege it to be the best dance this year—one you cannot afford to miss. The Tuck Shop Rainbow Room will provide the setting, with the Rhythm Boys supplying the music, including six waltzes.

This will be one of the few dances of the year that starts at 8:30 and continues till 1:00 a.m. Some of the lights will be replaced by electric fans; refreshments will be good and plentiful. Tickets will be only \$1.00 per couple.

As there are only a limited number of tickets, it would be advisable to obtain one immediately from any member of the executive.

HEADS DRAMAT



LARRY DAVIS

Presents an innovation in Freshie dramatic entertainment.

POWER DEVELOPM'T TRACED FOR CLUB

Interesting Antics of Foot-Loose Member Amuse Engineers

The first meeting of the Electrical Club was held last Wednesday afternoon. After a short business meeting, during which Mr. J. Young, of the third year class, was elected vice-president by acclamation. Dr. McLeod, the Honorary President of the club, spoke a few words of welcome. The staff, he said, are well pleased with the efforts of the organization.

The speaker of the day was Mr. J. N. Ford, who traced the development of power in Saskatchewan. Mr. Ford was well versed with his subject, having spent the past few summers with a power company in that province.

At one stage Mr. Ford became rather unruly. After filling up all available blackboard space with figures, proved conclusively by higher mathematics that page 243 in Gray's Principles of Electrical Engineering is correct beyond a shadow of doubt.

The talk was illustrated by photographs projected on a screen, and much credit is due Mr. Jay Burke for his snappy footwork in retrieving the pictures, which he dropped all over the floor. It was suggested, however, that in future Mr. Burke should be more careful about cleaning the thumb-nail on his right hand.

ments will be served.

During the next few weeks two very interesting visitors will be with the S.C.M. Mr. Davis, prominent in Y.M.C.A. work, will be here on the 24th. Margaret Kinney, the travelling secretary of the S.C.M., and a last year's graduate of the University of Alberta, will be in Edmonton soon, and will hold an informal "fire-side meeting" at her home on the evening of the 23rd. Everybody welcome!

How Many Women Make a Rink Committee Perplexes Council

Representative to Go to Calgary—Girls May Visit Manitoba—Varsity Song to be Pushed

The age-old question of the superiority of the male or female was argued out in the last Student Council meeting, the former claiming that one was good enough on the rink committee, while the latter said that there should be two. As the committee was to be five in number, it was thought that the President of the Women's Athletic Association was enough, and their hockey could be taken care of by the President of the Men's Hockey. How those women did stick together! There must be two on the committee! The men thought that one was sufficient until the need thereof! The men claimed that even with one woman against four men, there would be an even break all around. The strongest point in the masculine chain was the fact that there was 13 men teams and only two women's. One irate female went so far as to suggest that the President give his place to the Women's Hockey President. "Nothin' doin'," said President Arnold, and tried to explain that the men were not trying to put anything over on them. After half an hour, a vote was called, with the score being six all. Mr. Ives declined to fall on either side of the fence. Mr. Arnold cast the fatal vote on the male side of the house.

It was decided to send a representative to Calgary for the rugby and basketball meeting as a proxy was not satisfactory. The purpose is to draw up schedules and get the Varsity's share of the gate receipts. The resignation of Mr. Harvey Fish was accepted; the new Medical representative will be Mr. Hitchen. Mr.

Fish was appointed in charge of hockey, while Bob Anderson will look after the interests of basketball.

The girls' basketball team wanted either to go to Manitoba or take the \$500 and put it away till next year and then go. As they couldn't make up their minds, it was shelved until next week. A committee of three was appointed to amend the resolution providing for the introduction of Freshmen.

A guarantee of fifty dollars was made for the prize of the song. Fifty dollars more will be made up by some other means. For a time again the Council was split over the fact if the Council was musically-minded enough to judge the songs. So it was decided that the songs would have to run the gauntlet. First, they would be turned over to Dr. Winspear, who would catalogue them. Then they would go to a group of individuals, next the students who would vote on the better ones, and then the Council would pick one out for them. One councillor had an idea of copyright, but as even the most learned present knew little about the matter, it was dropped. A publicity committee was formed out of the former song committee, so we will hear more about it in the near future. In short, the contest is such: it is open to all students and ex-students as well as the faculty of the U. of A. It must be original, but two or more can co-operate. The song must have music, and be in by Feb. 14, 1934. There will be no prize if a song is not chosen. If chosen, it will be the official song of the University.

Keen Delineation of Musical Forms Given by Mr. Nichols

CLUB SPONSORS STRING QUARTETTE

University Musical Club Holds First Sessional Meeting in Athabasca Lounge Sunday

In spite of the wintry atmosphere, approximately thirty music-lovers gathered in the Athabasca Lounge on Sunday for the first sessional meeting of the University Musical Club. Mr. Jones, President, with no preliminary comments, introduced the speaker, Mr. Nichols, who had chosen for his topic, "Musical Forms." In selecting this subject he had been actuated by the fact that it would be easier for new members to obtain more pleasure and derive greater benefit from discussions at following meetings, if they had a clearer

perception of the various musical forms. He first spoke on melody, selecting a "germ" of four or five tones, and showed how this germ could be developed. To become a melody, a piece of music must possess euphonious unity and variety, which was clearly illustrated by a song from Massenet's opera, "Heriod," and Rubinstein's "Spring Song."

A canon, the second form Mr. Nichols discussed, is a piece of music written in an unimaginative manner, with mathematic sequence of the notes. It is very monotonous and is interminable. By way of example Mr. Nichols played "Fate," by Hoadley. This being a modern composition, is not a true canon, but is relieved by touches of romanticism.

A third form is the Rondo, which is a pleasing melody interspersed by two or more different themes. Mozart's "First Piano Sonata," a very light and charming creation, and the mournful "Adagio," from Beethoven's "Fifth Sonata" (Pathétique) served to illustrate this form.

Dance forms, the next group to be discussed, include the Landler, and Gigue, which generally form parts of a Suite, the latter always as the concluding number. Haydn's "Suite Sixteen" contains both these forms. The Minuet, another dance form, became very popular in Vienna under Mozart and Haydn. Beethoven quickened the rather slow tempo, and evolved the chimerical Scherzo. The speaker played two of Mozart's dainty minuets as well as one from his "Fifteenth Sonata."

The Mazurka is the Polish national dance form, and is characterized by an extremely jerky rhythm and irregular beats. Chopin was the first great composer to set his music in this form.

Suites are sets of musical compositions which are more or less related, and are all written in the same key, major or minor. Haydn's "Sixteenth Suite" is an example.

The String Quartette consists of four movements, the first in a very rapid tempo, the second slow, the third is a minuet, while the last is light, but quite agitated. Formerly the minuet was not a part of the Quartette, but was included by Haydn and Mozart. A movement consists of an expository strain, in which the themes are stated. In the development these themes are variegated and

fully expounded, and in the recapitulation they are once more stated. Often a coda, that is, a short tale, is added to make the ending more effective. Beethoven made his codas so long that they may be considered as a fourth component of his Quartette movements.

Shortage of time prevented Mr. Nichols from discussing the Suite and String Quartette more fully, and he concluded with the hope that his talk and illustration had been of some help in aiding his audience to distinguish and appreciate the technical points of the various musical forms.

Mr. Jones, on behalf of the members, thanked Mr. Nichols for his fine address, and announced that the next meeting will probably be held in the hall of the Heintzman & Co., as "Mozart" will form the subject of the discussion, and some of his compositions for piano quartettes will be performed. The Musical Club invites prospective members to attend this meeting.

The club is also sponsoring the visit of the famous Hart House String Quartette, and tickets may be secured from any of the members.

ATTENTION, SOPHOMORES

Nominations for the positions of President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer and three Executive members of the Sophomore Class will be received up till Tuesday, Oct. 31st, in the Students' Union offices.

Each nomination must be accompanied by the signatures of ten nominees.

Election speeches are booked for Wednesday, and the elections will be held on Thursday, Nov. 2nd.

Please watch the notice boards for further announcements.

NOTICE!

A meeting of the E.R.G. will be held at 4:30 p.m. on Monday, Oct. 30th, in the basement of the Tuck Shop. Mr. Elmer Roper will address the meeting on "The C.C.F. Convention and Manifesto." Everybody welcome.

Amazing International Trust Exposed by Varsity Lecturer

WAR AND ARMAMENTS

Colorful Career of Armament King Traced From Minor Post to International Prominence

A most interesting and illuminating talk on "The New Use for Armaments" was presented by Mr. E. A. Corbett to the Engineering Students' Society. The talk was given in Arts 142 at 6:00 p.m. Wednesday, after the Engineers had devoured their refreshments and discussed their business.

Sir Basil Zarahoff

Mr. Corbett prefaced his remarks by telling the students of how his interest was aroused in this business of armaments when he was preparing his paper last year on Sir Basil Zarahoff. He then gave a short outline of this great world figure to introduce the subject. He recounted how on 1860 a handsome young Greek had displayed amazing cunning and salesmanship while acting in the capacity of agent for Nordenfelt & Co.; how through the amazing ability of this young agent, Nordenfelt had obtained the rights on the Maxim machine-gun; how this young man had worked himself into a powerful position, and was able finally to unite most of the armament firms in the world into an international brotherhood—a brotherhood that never failed in peace or war. Such a man was Sir Basil Zarahoff. The speaker pointed out that at the height of his power this man Zarahoff virtually controlled the armament business in England, Russia, Spain, and the Balkans, as well as in many other countries. So powerful was he that he could undoubtedly start a minor war at any time. He has passed, stated Mr. Corbett, but his achievement is outstanding—the great armament rings of the world are probably the only alliances of international character that never falter or never fail in peace or war. Their solidarity and spirit of reciprocity is amazing.

Unpatriotic Trade

The speaker then presented several facts compiled from reliable sources to illustrate the spirit of reciprocity that existed in these armament trusts. In Belgium in 1915 German soldiers died in barbed wire shipped to France via Switzerland from Germany two months previously. Austrian soldiers, he stated, had

been killed by shells fired from guns made by Austrian armament firms in Russia. He related how British soldiers had died at Suvla Bay from shells fired by British guns sold to the Turks. It was revealed in 1919, the speaker said, that during the war a French armament firm had traded Bauxite and cyanamide to Germany for magnetos to be used in aeroplanes (see Scribners for Sept., 1933). In 1916 Germany exported as much as 260,000 tons of steel one month and at the same time failed to fill an order for 15,000 tons entered by the government on the grounds of scarcity of raw material. These examples were cited by Mr. Corbett to show the amazing good-will and spirit of brotherhood that exists in the great armament ring.

Nor have these activities ceased since the great war, said the speaker. In the war between China and Japan, while the latter were bombarding Peiping, they delivered seven warships to China that had been ordered prior to the war. The U.S. also sold 181 millions of dollars' worth of munitions to Japan, 90 per cent. of which were re-shipped to China.

Trusts Control Wars

The speaker quoted Mr. B. H. Littlehart as saying that in his opinion the war offices are not preparing for the next war, but are busy winning the last. By this he meant that a new invention a few years ahead of its time is more likely to be pigeon-holed in the war office and completely ignored. It is the armament firms who know what instruments the next war will be fought with. It was Maxim and his machine-gun that gave Zarahoff his great opportunity, and he soon had all Europe playing with this new toy and longing for the chance to use it. So it is pretty certain that the armament firms know exactly where they are going and what they are going to do.

The Next War?

Mr. Corbett then launched into a conjectural talk on the nature of the next war. He quoted several prominent people's ideas as to the way it would be fought and by what machines.



THE GATEWAY

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EDITORIAL

The apparent breakdown, or at least temporary incompetence, of the "old order of things" has brought into active importance the restless enthusiasm of youth. The tendency of the last generation of leaders, faced with the cataclysmic collapse of the social and economic structure, has been to confer, hesitate and formulate hypotheses as to causes. Expressing a passive sympathy with humanity scrambling amid the debris of a disordered civilization, youth with its life to be lived and its immediate problems to be faced, has met the problem with squared shoulders. The world's stage today is dominated by men of an essentially youthful nature. Their expression in Nazism, Fascism, etc., may have their opposition, but they are at least an honest attempt to meet an apparently hopeless situation. Roosevelt, Hitler, Mussolini and Dollfuss stand out as men young in their decisiveness and outlook as opposed to the procrastinating statesmanship of the past decade.

How has the youth in our country responded to the challenge of this inspiring movement elsewhere? There is not the active participation in politics. However, our established institutions have probably been more sincere in coping with the situation, and there has not been the necessity for the new generation to assume any authority, but this enthusiasm seems to pervade every branch of their life.

The security that greeted the last generation on the threshold of manhood made them less concerned with the machinery which provided that opportunity. Today we are faced with a vastly different prospect, and in spite of Mr. Bennett's opinion to the contrary, we have adjusted ourselves to the new circumstances much more readily than did our fathers.

We do not have to go any further than the University to see concrete evidence of this readjustment. The care-free college boy who was so prominent in campus life even three years ago, seems to have been displaced by a much more serious-minded person, who congregates with his companions in the common rooms to discuss politics and social problems.

The meagre student attendance at meetings of the Philosophical Society has swollen to the large predominance of undergraduates who attended the recent meeting and took a keen part in the discussion following Dr. Alexander's paper. This was doubtless due in part to the popularity of the speaker and partly to the energy of the executive, but we cannot help but feel that it was due in the main to a genuine interest on the part of the students themselves.

Enough has been said to bear out our contention that the undergraduate body of the University has awakened to the problems that await it; they are universal in scope, and must be met by daring ambition. We watch with interest the development of this consciousness within the University.

After the Great War, as after all such cataclysmic events, the Victorianism of the previous decade was trampled under foot in the rush for pleasure. However, within another decade the depression had come, and prudence has sufficiently recuperated to say, "I told you so," and after that it was merely a question of time until every phase of life, with no inconsiderable effect, would feel the Victorian nose-poking and prying about. Naturally, state institutions were the first to feel this inquisitorial attention.

First and foremost, the academic standard must be raised. No longer are the taxpayers willing to have their hard-earned shekels spent in maintaining a playground for the mentally unfit and the social elite. Intoxicating drink must be driven underground by restrictive rules; the public eye can no longer look on Bacchanalian revelry and merely reflect on its own misspent youth. So if we must consume unholy waters, we must stay at home: all overtown functions are banned. No longer may the co-ed smoke or play bridge in public, for such "goings on" offends "The Ladies' Society for the Preservation of Pristine Purity." "The Organization of Militant Moralists" forbids tennis before noon on Sunday on the novel assumption that boredom begets devotion. We must not organize ourselves after the political fashion of our fathers, lest we become

"Urban, squat and packed with guile,
And seek to change the country's style
Of doing things in an agrarian way
To hasten along a better day."

The University of Alberta being practically unendowed, is still dependent upon the Government for its existence. The taxpayer feels that his money is educating us, that he is giving us our opportunity in life, and so therefore should have the privilege of regulating our trading. With this, within reason, we can have no quarrel, but when all the daily events are to be regimented, our private life is not to be curtailed within certain definite bounds, but is to be regulated in detail, we have just cause for a grievance. To deny us access to certain social pleasures will not make us either devout or studious. There are too many ways of so-called wasting time to ban them all. Presumably this prohibitive legislation is intended to encourage temperance. But the essence of temperance is self-restraint, or the choice of the superior pleasure. Can we then claim that students are learning temperance when they are called to follow a course of action not of their own choosing?

In principle, higher education ought to reproduce



THE CHEM. LAB. MYSTERY

A One-act Play in Two Dastardly Acts
By T.O.W.H.

Arnoldlov.....A political backslapper, formerly a boot-legger.

Jestleyski.....A crafty draftsman
Preveyovitch.....A daffy craftsman
Candidus.....A Roman chimney sweep who is trying to get a job as critic of University weeklies.

Mae West.....The Body Urge (I'll bet).

Taurus.....A Mexican Athlete from the Law Library

ACT I—Scene 1.

A children's party. Several youngsters, including little Betty Chown, are playing on the floor. A table is in the corner.

First Mosquito—Here comes a tender-looking blonde.
Second Mosquito—Fine! We'll stick her for the drinks.

Eddie Foy (pointing)—They used to call that kid Capone—he had no regard for the dry laws.

"Kewpie" Carpenter—Those twins are named Williard and William.

Marg Sutton—Is that so? What does their mother think of marriage?

Kewpie—Not much. It gives her the Willies.

Mrs. McLaws—It's time for us to be going home now. Which of these children are mine?

(There is a commotion off-stage, and Fern Atkinson enters.)

Fern (heading for the washroom)—Take my advice and never slap a guy's face when he's chewing tobacco.

Scene 2.

A bridge party. Several old ladies, including old Betty Chown, are playing on the piano. A table is in the corner.

Jack Ford (explaining C.O.T.C.)—And they gave us some blank cartridges.

Gwen—Don't mind me. Say "damn" if you want to.

Tommy Costigan—So Fern Atkinson broke her engagement with the aviator.

Chuck Perkins—Yeah, she caught him plane around.

Do Thompson—What did you do on your trip to Paris?

Master Georgie Johnson—Oh, nothing to write home about.

Bubbles Taylor—I hate people that sing through their nose.

'Sadie Blake" O'Connor—Adenoids me, too.

Chuck Fraser (washing dishes)—Just one more glass, boys, and then we'll all go home.

(There is a commotion in a parked car outside the theatre.)

Jay Burke—I always keep both hands on the steering wheel.

Fern Atkinson (disgustedly)—Well, I'm right here if you need a handkerchief.

ACT II—Scene 1.

A dinner party. Several punsters, including Betty Chown, are playing on words. A table is in the corner.

Frank Blue (singing)—It's a lonesome old Chown, when you're not around—

Isabel Munroe—Did you have fun on your honeymoon?

Janet Atkin—Yes, I met the sweetest man.

Mary Smith—Were you nervous when you asked Dick Burns for the money?

Jean Irving—No, I was calm and collected.

Ted Baker—Was the operation successful?

T. Z. MacNab—Yes, everything came out all right.

Pete Rule—So you're from Calgary. Isn't that where the train only stops once a week?

Kay Stockton—What train?

Harold Riley—Have you a Boyle on your route?

Postman—Naw, it's my flat feet that make me walk this way.

(There is a commotion in the orchestra pit, and Fern Atkinson crawls out of the bass horn)

Zither Player—Do you know my son Will?

Fern—No, but thanks for the tip.

Scene 2.

A necking party. Several neckers, including Betty (Hotcha) Chown, are playing. A table is in the corner.

Kay Colgrove—I'm awfully dumb. You'll be thinking that my head is nothing but a rock.

Dr. Allan—Yes, I've been taking that for granite.

Kay—What you said, that was cute.

Jack McIntosh—Is Harry Lister still mopping up floors in the Arts building?

Freddie Gale—Yes, he's just the same old floor flusser.

Dr. Broadus—Do you know anything about Long-fellow?

Betty Cutler—Yes, I read all his stuff as soon as it comes out.

Ruth Peacock—What is a metaphor?

Lois Hammond—To put cows in, dumbell.

Dr. Sheldon—Now I subtract the length from the diagonal. What's the difference, Stinson?

Art Stinson—Yeah, that's what I say. Who cares? (There is a commotion under the table in the corner.)

Red Cooper—Is it all over?

Fern Atkinson—No, just a little on your shoulder.

CURTAIN

Or Something.

in miniature the actual conditions of social living. But who will be the monitor of the detail of our lives once we have left University? Should not our training develop in us the qualities of self-reliance and moderation? To obtain these virtues we must be allowed to follow our own course of conduct determined by our own reason and wise guidance.

Authority ostensibly can command a superficial compliance to its rules. Whether we like such rules or not, we must obey them in letter if not in spirit. Perhaps there is a discipline in this subordination of liberties on the assumed validity of the aphorism, "He who would command must first learn to obey." Yet even if we grant the soundness of this point of view, our minimum assertion is unimpaired: there is an increasing tendency to impose unexplained requirements on the students which, in our opinion, are unnecessary and not consonant with the spirit of a university.
D. M. M. M.



October 23, 1933.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I shall not make any attempt to conceal the fact that I am definitely annoyed by the report in your last issue of my address on England before the Philosophical Society. Leaving aside certain minor stupidities such as calling me "the noted socialist" and "the learned professor," I am going to take specific objection to three statements which have been thrust upon me by your reporter.

(1) "He stated that normal weight, clear sight and a healthy body were so uncommon as to be abnormalities, and he classified the population as C3." This is not my statement; it is a rather inaccurate rendering of the remarks of the Editor of the London Week-End Review (Sept. 23, 1933). When the speaker distinctly states that a certain passage is a quotation, it is a perversion of the facts to assign it to him, and thus saddle him with the responsibility for it. A college paper should teach its reporters at least that much.

(2) "They (the public schools) were institutions to which the wealthy could send their sons to keep them away from the 'uncouth companionship of the village yokels.'" The last six words, being printed in quotation marks, are presumably the speaker's very own words. A careful search through my manuscript fails to reveal them, and my manuscript was faithfully followed by me.

(3) "He expressed the opinion that the misunderstanding in India is due chiefly to the influence of the teachings of the English public school." I never referred to India by so much as a single word to connect it with the English public schools; the idea in question was contributed by Mr. Sadhu Singh Dhami in the discussion following the lecture.

Having been so conspicuously mis-reported myself, with full documentary evidence to prove the charge, what am I to think of your reporters' accuracy in other stories? Was Mr. Bennett correctly reported in the famous interview or not? How can anybody be sure, especially a person who has himself suffered at your hands? And remember, my office is one floor only immediately above yours, and you could easily have asked me to check your account if you had been interested in having it accurate. You are perhaps familiar with the gibe: "If you see it in the newspaper, it's not so." Would it not be possible to arrange to exempt The Gateway from the implied contempt?

Very truly yours,
W. H. ALEXANDER.



Profs Go Native

Ann Arbour.—Two members of the University Museums staff, recently retired to the primeval forests of tradition, and there sitting about a camp fire and brushing away the mosquitoes, they made pottery in the ancient Indian fashion.

Carleton W. Angell, sculptor of the University Museums, and James B. Griffin, fellow in ceramics in the Museum of Anthropology, retreated to the country to try pottery making for themselves and by analogy determine what ingredients the Indians used in the North Central part of the United States.

They used the original Indian method of building up the dish by successive rolls of clay; smoothing out the clay where the rolls came together and letting it dry. It was baked before a bonfire, and when the fire had burned to coals then pots were put into the fire and covered with bark, according to Mr. Angell.

Their operations were successful. Out of the 13 they made only one cracked. They used clay which they dug from the ground and rotten stone for a stiffener.—McGill Daily.

One Type of Student

Some time in the not far distant future educational institutions will, with mystic and formal services, pour forth upon a world already crowded with unemployed, some of the best (and worst) educated, stereotyped human machines that have ever befallen the unkind fate that made them normal—or subnormal.

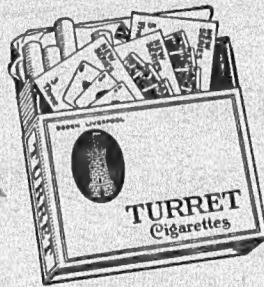
These learned creatures will have been graduated from college. They will have known what professors to take classes under; where the "best people" ate and drank; what dances were worth attending; and incidentally, all there is to know about sports, fraternities and college life in general. In short, their degree will symbolize the fact that they are accomplished in the art of living at college. The next school year they could come back and, if one dared to listen to their advice, make a student's life in the university less futile.

Of course, fond parents wonder how all this prepares their offspring for the great world and its combats. That is a pertinent question, and after the fashion of many professors, it is left for them to look up in their books and answer. If they were told, they wouldn't remember it.

Perhaps parents may think it rather a predicament to have the well-educated prodigal return to their board and room, but they should consider the poor graduate's plight. Think how he will miss college life—will miss everything, in fact, but the really vital things he left behind un-



Famous 'n Dandy



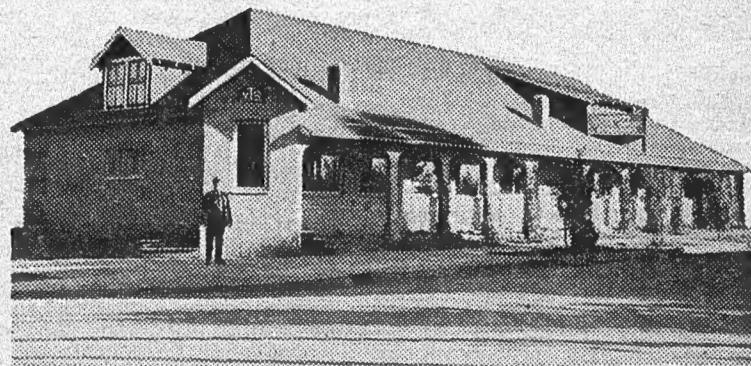
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explored.—University Daily Kansan.

Artist Considers Painting Nudes

a "Mere Incident"

New York, N.Y.—Painting a nude model, of the opposite sex, is but a mere incident with some people. This is the verdict handed down by a Fine Arts somnolent, who recently had his first opportunity of performing this function.

"Before I started," he said, "I felt rather excited—naturally, but after I got into the thing there was nothing to it. You see, we stand from 5 to 20 feet away from our models. After painting two or three nudes we think no more of them than still life."

Several other students interrogated felt the same way about it, but one innocent young man admitted that his knowledge of life had been augmented by the experience. Fine Arts coeds were tongue-tied on this question.

Old men, old women, children and middle-aged people in all walks of life come in to pose (fully clothed, of course) for the young artists. They used to be paid 50 cents an hour for this service, but, with the rest of us, they have taken subsequent cuts to 40, and now 35 cents.—McGill Daily.

Student—From what I hear, Doctor, your wife is a bit of an angel.

Dr. Trusy—Yes, she is always going up in the air and harping on something or other.—The Hornet.

Irate Father—I don't like the way you spend your time cuddling my daughter. When I was courting my wife we sat on opposite sides of the room.

Johnnie Graham—Well, sir, if I had been courting your wife I should have done the same.—The Hornet.

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"It"

The high school student with personality plus will have little difficulty in gaining admittance to Northwestern if the university follows the conclusion reached through a questionnaire circulated recently among graduates by the alumni association.

In answer to the question: "Should N. U. consider personality as well as intellectual capacity in admitting new students?" 938 alumni voted in the affirmative to overshadow greatly a negative vote of 112.

The closest recorded vote was cast in response to the vital alumni question: "Should alumni trustees of the university be elected by vote of all alumni?" There were 472 pro ballots cast and 492 against the proposition.—Northwestern.

CO-ED COLUMNS

CO-ED SPORT

By J.A.F.

On his recent arrival, King Winter has put a stop to the greatest pastime of them all—tennis! On Saturday afternoon the play-off for the women's individual tennis championship took place on snow-covered courts and against a stiffly blowing and thoroughly chilling north-wester. Before play could be commenced the lines were brushed off from snow.

Kay Swallow used a well-practised and rather polished form of service to the best advantage, placing her shots well in the corners. Amy Cogswell, who can rely upon her speed and agility to get around to even the fastest, was hampered terribly by the slippery surface of Saturday's court. The first set was Kay's, 6-3.

Things perked up in the second set. Amy recovered somewhat from the freezing weather too, and took most of the few good rallies. The game remained a matter of base-line play throughout most of the set, and play ended in favor of Kay by a score of 7-5.

Three cheers for the champion, Kay Swallow!

The girls are of the opinion that more good form is exhibited now in tennis than ever before. It's a thing rather worth striving for, because it means consistency and efficiency in your play. Your knowledge of tactics can be quite useless to you unless you can bring them into effective execution.

We wish to congratulate Maxine and Bob Darrah, the winners of the mixed doubles tournament.

Basketball, both senior and house league, gets under way next week, or the week after at the latest. Girls are requested to watch bulletin boards for further notice.

House Leaguers, please get your team together, and hand in the list of players as soon as you can to the manager.

A meeting of girls interested in hockey was held Tuesday. As most of the members of the senior team have graduated, or not returned, Freshettes, it is your duty, etc., etc.

Nan Evans, the manager of hockey, is endeavoring to secure the gymnasium and the services of a trainer for some pre-season training for hockey. Girls, this will be your chance to acquire that willowy figure that's going to enable you to curve and swoop through the midst of your opponents with the puck to their goal!

Art students at New Orleans draw pictures from songs, instead of working with models. They listen to music and jot down whatever is suggested to them in line, color and form. —McGill Daily.

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PAGING THE PROFESSORS

It was my rather vindictive intention to draw and quarter the professors, on paper, in a ladylike fashion of course. But there's some rather exquisite violin music coming over the radio, and I've just eaten an alarming number of gingersnaps—in which case it seems palpably absurd to do anything but pat them on the head. The gentleness of the pats, however, are not guaranteed.

In my brief, but alas! far from checkered career, I have acquired the disgusting habit of making sweeping generalities with nothing to back them up. For once I can't make a general statement. For instance, to say, "all our professors are pansies" would have as much truth as to say, "all our professors are lambs (adults or otherwise)". Hence, I will content myself to classify them them thus:

1. Those who may be described as "darn good heads."
2. Those who must forego the slang and be just "good heads."
3. Those about whom we wrinkle up our nose.
4. Those at the mention of whose name we make rude noises.

In this way each one may belong to two classes, because wrinkling up a nose may mean several things and rude noises may be made very charmingly—but it is almost a physical impossibility for anyone to belong to three classes at once.

First let me pat the "darn good heads" with benign tenderness (I wish I could literally!). They are professors who have personality, ease of lecturing, sympathy with the students, both in and out of class, and a genuine interest in their subject—enthusiastic is the word that I'd like to use there, but it smacks too much of the gushing Freshette. There are quite a few of the staff who fall under this category, but I blush to mention any such demi-gods and goddesses. I may add that they all have a few faults (thank heaven), but these seem to enhance the personality, even if they dim the halo. So for this first class I can do no better than point to the classics department—whom, of course, I might have put in class four if a saxophone had been playing instead of a violin.

Secondly, the good heads. The keynote of this group is sincerity, a note that is sometimes lacking in the first. Sometimes this may make a boring lecturer, but not frequently—at any rate, it always makes a human one, not above appreciating a pretty face or a bit of extremely juvenile wit (not Casserole). These profs are always given to rambling hither and yon in class, in consequence making it a sort of thrilling game to get logical or coherent notes from them. Their exam papers must be interesting to mark. I'm rather afraid to identify any of these men, though they make up over fifty per cent. of the staff. Besides, I thought if I said they appreciated a pretty face, you could guess that it might be the engineering faculty and the language department.

Such is the effect of the gingersnaps that I am very loath to make faces at anyone. Still I have one bugbear. Why do professors read their lectures; or in other words, dictate notes for a solid hour? It is understandable that the course may be very heavy and lectures may not cover it, but why not cut down on the course, or go as far as the lectures take you, and place your exam on that? No one with an average mind can possibly enjoy to any extent a dictated course, let alone afford one; for at the end of the year there is a stack of notes that is appalling even to the best student. I refrain from pointing out these professors—we know them too well.

Are you a professor who feels it a tedious task to lecture to the students, and hence inspire them to nothing more than slumber? Do you arrive at the classroom nine and a half minutes after the second bell and edge toward the door at twenty minutes past the hour? That's the

LATITUDES AND LONGITUDES

Just how much our personality is influenced by geography, it's hard to say. If you're born east of Suez, or within sound of the bells of Bow, you'll either be an Oriental mystic or a real Cockney. If you're born on the rim of the Mediterranean saucer, you'll be temperamental, artistic and not very ambitious. But if the incident occurs on a ship at sea, you'll be a light o' love and have an itching foot all your life. Maybe that's why our prairie women have less sentiment and more directness than their sisters of the English meadows or of the Kentucky hills. A strong sage wind and an eight months' blizzard does something besides toughen the skin. Maybe, if the stork had refused to freeze its toes north of forty-nine and had dumped us off in the land of the palm, we should all be languorous and exotic. Yes, this climate idea has its possibilities. Marion Doyle in "Poetry" certainly thinks there's something to it for the woman born and bred in the mountains. In her "Mountain Woman," she says:

If my words sting you
Try to recall
I was born where nettles
Climb a barren wall.

If I grow bitter
Try not to care;
Impruned trees grow acid fruit
In this mountain air.

If my acts wound you,
Everyone knows
I was reared with thorn-apple,
Wild plum and rose.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

Published this year, "Little Man, What Now?" is one of the first novels to take our current depression as a theme. It has an additional interest because it is written by a German who has a deep understanding of the unemployment problems of his country.

Hans Fallada, the author, of Pomeranian extraction, has divided his life between journalism and a passionate desire for agricultural work. At the age of twenty he found himself obeying an instinct he had felt from childhood, an agricultural worker on a farm in Thuringia. He looks back to these hours with vegetables and cows as among the happiest of his life. Later he worked at a series of petty city jobs, during which he gathered many of the impressions which later appeared in "Little Man, What Now?"

He wrote his first two novels in 1920 and 1922, but received little recognition. The years which followed were years of poverty, distress, illness; during which thoughts of writing were given up. Later, a chance meeting with a Berlin publisher gave him a start. His first long novel, "Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben," established him among the leading younger German writers.

"Little Man, What Now?" has a disarming charm in its extreme simplicity and naivete of language and style. The conversations flow with an ease and spontaneity of style which is at times startling. There is no verbal play, no sophisticated repartee, yet each word belongs irrevocably to its utterer.

In his letter to an American publisher Hans Fallada writes: "People talk about six million unemployed. But these six million unemployed are also six million human beings with children and wives and relations." He proceeds to give us an intimate peep into the life of one of these families.

It is a simple tale of simple folk. It tells the story of a 23-year-old small town German bookkeeper, Johannes Pinneberg, and his wife Bunny. Pinneberg is a decent fellow, honest, well-meaning and very conscientious. Bunny has much more to her. It is she who cheers the timid husband and keeps a sane and healthy outlook through all.

Pinneberg loses his job in the prov-

fourth class, and the less said about it the better.

The students quite realize, of course, that the University insisted on being plutocratic in spite of the approaching depression, and the government was so absorbed in other matters it didn't even see it coming, but when the fees were raised this year (and salaries cut), we stop to think of what we are getting for our money. The answer, I am very much afraid, is a lemon. But we hope, my dears, that with a little cold water poured on it it may be an enjoyable drink. This is not, in the words of my favorite poet, a case where I

"Indeed must sugar-coat the pill
And offer it with crocodile tears."
The pill is not so bitter that it needs sugar-coating. But professors are sweet, aren't they?

—F. M. J.

VARSITY BRAVES GET A BRAEK

Saturday evening, Oct. 21st, the dining-room of Athabasca Hall was the pleasant setting for the annual Wauneta Dance. The patrons and patronesses who graciously received the three hundred couples were Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. MacEachran, Miss Dodd, Dean Wilson, Muriel Massey and Hugh Arnold.

With certain Leap Year exceptions, this is the one entertainment of the year provided by the girls. As the Varsity Orchestra struck up a fox-trot, partners glided along the floor, and the dance had begun.

During the intermission, after the second extra, the girls took their partners to Tuck for refreshments. In spite of winter complicating matters for no good reason, this was accomplished without much discomfort. As the orchestra began the ninth dance, couples again filled the room, and dancing continued till twelve. Judging by the continual demand for encores and the lively atmosphere which pervaded at the end, the dance was successful and enjoyed by all.

LADY BASKETEERS TO ORGANIZE

Plans are now being made for this year's basketball season. Training starts next week. On Tuesday at 5:30 the girls will meet the coach in the upper gym. It is hoped that, with an extra short practise every week the girls will get into condition sooner than in other years. The actual time-table has not yet been decided on.

As usual, the University coach has to build up material to take the place of graduating athletes. Of last year's seniors we have left on the forward line Helen Ford, who has played so well on other Varsity teams. Then we have Marg Sutton and Mary Howard, who played in the series against the Gradettes last year. Then for centre the House League teams should contribute some good material. We hope to be able to use Gwen Nixon, Marg Smith and Jennie Filipkowski.

On the defense there is Kay Swallow and Jean Cohen. We are looking to the Frosh to fill in the weak spots.

Remember that we want the Frosh out at this practise. It is their chance. Any one who wishes to play be at the gym at 5:30 on Tuesday. Watch bulletin boards for further notices.

JEAN IRVING TO HEAD HOUSE ECS.

Honorary President Holds Tea For Members This Afternoon

The first meeting of the Household Economics Club took place in S235 on Thursday, Oct. 19. The main business was the election of the president and the year representatives. Miss Jean Irving was elected as president, Miss Flora Williams as senior representative, Miss Muriel O'Brien as junior representative, and Miss Alice Svarich as sophomore representative.

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sentative. The remainder of the executive, consisting of Miss Grace Duggan as Honorary President, Miss Olive Young as vice-president, and Miss Marianne Pearson as secretary-treasurer, were elected at the last meeting last year.

Miss Grace Duggan, Honorary President of the Household Economics Club, is holding a tea for all Household Economics students at her home, 11017 89th Ave., on Friday afternoon, Oct. 27.

Did you hear the one about the Scotch Freshman who called up his girl and asked when she'd be free?

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VARSITY TO PLAY U.B.C. FOR HARDY TROPHY

Altomahs Defeat Bears in Provincial Rugby Series

Dr. Wallace Kicks Off When Southerners Cinch Championship by Trouncing Varsity 6-1, Thus Winning Series 3 Games to 1

Gaining ground consistently, due to McKenzie's superb kicking, despite the fact that Varsity had nine first downs to Calgary's three, the Altomahs again were crowned kings of provincial senior rugby at the Varsity grid Saturday by defeating the Bears 6-1.

Dr. Wallace gave the Bears a good send-off with a spectacular place kick that sent the ball 40 yards into Calgary territory. Despite the cold, the players managed to keep the enthusiasm of the spectators fairly warm until the dying moments with Varsity threatening to make a major score on more than one occasion, and force the series to five games. Alex McKenzie, star full back for the Altomahs, stood head and shoulders above any other player on the field.

For Varsity, Reg Moir, cheery little signal barker, Guy Morton, Pete Rule, and Bill Hargreaves played heads-up rugby, with the rest of the squad not far behind.

Guy Morton's punts, while averaging five yards less than McKenzie's hoists, were good enough for a 40-yard average. Varsity's line-plunging was a consistent ground gainer, the Bears making yards nine times, while the Altomahs had to be contented with three first downs.

Right from the start the ex-Balmy Beach star resorted to an air attack, with the wind behind him, and backed Varsity up. Willie Scott missed one of McKenzie's punts, and McDowall got a safety touch, to put Calgary two points up at the end of the first period.

Soon after the start of the second quarter Morton tossed a neat forward to Lyle Jestley, who completed it, only to have Esh Duggan take a deep breath through the whistle and call back a play that might easily have resulted in a touchdown. Shortly after Varsity was penalized 10 yards when Reg Moir tried to play peek-a-booby by crawling out from under a couple of Calgary players. Moir then intercepted a Calgary forward and ran it back 20 yards. Pete Rule

bucked to put the ball in good position for a score when the whistle blew half-time.

The second half opened with both teams fighting hard, but for some time it was all to no avail. As the time rolled on, however, Morton drop-kicked the oval, but it went astray, finally ending in a rouge for Varsity's solitary point. From this time on followed a series of end runs and punts. In the end, McKenzie being forced to kick, booted it over the line, and Morton was caught red-handed by McDowall, thus adding another point to the Indians' total. A short while later McKenzie again kicked the ball over for 50 yards this time to the deadline, giving his squad still another counter, and thus the quarter ended.

In the fourth quarter Varsity tried to bring about a rally similar to the one on Thanksgiving Day, but the Altomahs had other ideas about it, and that's all there was to it, the rally wasn't put into effect. McKenzie started things moving when he kicked, and Morton ran it back for a few yards and then returned the kick. Following this Ellis made all but his yards on two successive bucks, but then they kicked again. This time Pete Rule again made yards for Varsity on a couple of bucks, and Morton at last had to kick, but Calgary kicked back. Varsity completed a forward pass, only to lose the ball a moment later, but it was too late for Calgary to make any more points, despite the fact that the ball was down on Varsity's 15-yard line. Thus the game ended 6-1 for Calgary, qualifying them to meet the Vancouver Meralomas in the Western semi-finals.

THE WAY THEY BEAT US

Summary of Scoring
First quarter: Altomahs, safety touch, 2 points.
Second quarter: Altomahs, kick to touch in goal, 1 point.
Third quarter: Varsity, rouge, 1 point; Altomahs, rouge, 1 point; Altomahs, kick to deadline, 1 point.
Fourth quarter: Altomahs, rouge, 1 point.
Total: Altomahs 6, Varsity 1.

Average kicks: Calgary, 45 yards; Varsity, 38 yards.
Forward passes: Attempted, Varsity 6, Calgary 3; completed, Varsity 2, Calgary 2.
First downs: Varsity 9, Calgary 3.
Lineups:
Calgary: Halves, McKenzie, Sutherland, Roberts, Williams; quarter, Gittus; ends, T. McDowall, Friend; snap, Butters; middles, Ellis, Munro; insides, Hagen, Ferguson; subs, Jefferson, Harris, Eagleson, W. McDowall, McConnell, Whittaker, Bell, Williamson, and Ritchie.
Varsity: Halves, Malcolm, Morton, Scott, Rule; quarter, Moir; ends, W. Hutton, Zender; snap, Cameron; middles, Gale, Parks; insides, Hargreaves, Borgal; subs, B. Hutton, Jestley, Millar, Wilson, Semenik, Mitchell, Richards, and Dallamore.

SPORTING SLANTS

Snow, King Winter!

It looks as though our local grid season is over anyway, thanks mainly to Alex McKenzie. The Bears more than held their own as far as the infantry was concerned, but the air attack was a bit too much.

It seems that Calgary has a habit of building up teams around one man. D. P. MacDonald, in the Bronk net last year, was certainly the mainstay of that aggregation, but possibly even he was not so much of the one-man team variety as was our erstwhile opponent, Alex. McKenzie.

Even at that, McKenzie's kicking was not so much ahead of Guy Morton's as it would seem to the casual observer. The chief difference was in the distance Calgary managed to run back every punt he was under. McKenzie's punts usually stayed where they landed. Every time a ball is carried back 10 or 15 yards, it naturally lessens the effectiveness of the kick by that much. It was not Varsity's ends that were to blame so much as the fact that when McKenzie was on the recovery end he caught the ball on the run, and had a start on the boys.

After these practice skirmishes with Calgary, the Bears are due to entrain for the coast with the intention of bringing the Hardy Cup back over the great divide. Better luck this time.

When things go well and you catch the ball

And the following gain is good.

When the fumbles are few and far between,

When you play as a regular should.

When the timing of plays is swift and sure,

When your tackles are certain and hard,

When the end of your effort is chalked up high

With a mark on the big score board.

Then the grandstand critic is loud in praise

Of the thing that he never could do,

And the man who made the mistake is forgotten

In the cheers that are sounding for you.

That is just dandy—but:

When the going is tough, and the game is rough,

When you miff at a critical time,

When you're stopped at the line without a gain,

Just hear the wolves howl for your crime.

When an arching ball goes over your head,

When you drop one that's hard to hold,

When you fumble and gum up a winning play,

Because your hands are cold;

Then the grandstand critic comes into his own

From the folds of his big fur rug.

You're a hero to him when things go right,

When you fumble you're only a mug.

BASKETBALL

With plans being made for an inter-city league this year, Edmonton and Varsity will be treated to a brand of basketball which the city has not enjoyed for some time. Tentative plans are to have teams from Raymond, Lethbridge, Calgary and Edmonton play a series of home-and-home games, the provincial champions to be decided by the league standing. Should this proposal go through, Varsity will certainly have a classy field to compete with in its fight for the provincial title. Raymond, present provincial champs and Dominion semi-finalists last year, can always be counted on for a strong entry. Strength will be added to the Lethbridge outfit in the form of two former Varsity men, Mert Keel and Addie Donaldson, both of whom starred for the Green and Gold for several seasons. In Calgary there is the prospect of having two teams. The Moose Domers, who staged such a thrilling series against Varsity here last year, will again be on the field, and rumors have been prevalent that Calgary will sponsor a second senior outfit built around former Varsity stars such as "Buzz" Fenerty, Carscallen and McBeth.

As is ever the case with University squads, the coaches must build up material to take the place of graduating seniors. In this respect Arnold Henderson will have more than his share to do, having lost no less than seven players from his senior squad, turning out an outfit of senior calibre. He is well satisfied with the material which has turned out for early practice, and believes that with the extended time for conditioning, the losses will not be felt as keenly as at first anticipated.

Of last season's seniors, all that is left are Bob Anderson, a sharp-shooting forward; Vi Wood, a defense man last year, probably will be worked into a forward position; and Arn Henderson, who will play his old defense position, coming up, however, for centre jumps. Harold Richard, another of the remaining seniors, is expected to turn out as soon as the rugby season closes.

Leading the group of intermediate men who are trying to catch places on the first squad is diminutive Olie Rostrop, who is showing fine shooting form in these early work-outs. With him are John Shipley, Ken Smith, Jay Burke and Jim Cherrington, all of whom showed by their last year's play that they might be looked on as senior material. Another of the intermediates who will turn out after the rugby season is Art Kramer, captain of last year's squad.

Many of the newcomers this year show great promise, even so early in the season, of developing into no mean material for the junior, intermediate and even the senior team. Among these is Bernie Killick, who is by no means a new man to Varsity

MEN'S TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Playing the best brand of tennis that Varsity has ever seen, George McFadzean, Stettler star, defeated Eby Quehl to win the men's singles 6-4, 6-2, 6-2, and teamed up with Guy Morton, Calgary racketeer, to defeat Dick Hurlburt and Bill Anderson 6-2, 6-2 in the men's doubles, while Bob Darrah and his sister, Maxine Darrah, won the mixed doubles at the expense of Jack Garrett and Lois Latimer.

McFadzean swept through all opposition without the loss of a set, and clear proved himself far superior to the other entrants in the tourney. His smashed at the net and brilliant drives down the sidelines left his opponents flat-footed time and again.

The finals of the men's doubles was played amid snow flurries and a 15-mile per hour gale, which was not conducive to championship tennis, but even under these handicaps McFadzean and Morton held Hurlburt and Anderson to four games.

In the mixed doubles the Darrah team work and their ability to make returns from almost any angle of the court were large factors in their win over Lois Latimer and Jack Garrett by scores of 6-2, 6-2.

squads, having captained the intermediates two seasons ago when they captured the city title. Others of the newcomers who are doing well are Gordie Wilson, who was with the Flying Fools last year; Joe Moscovich, Freddie Kiewel, of Saskatchewan, Jack Thomas, Ted Graham, Sturdy and Dick Shillington.

Rugby and track have kept a few basketball players from the floor to date, but it is hoped that these will turn out as soon as possible. Among these are Guy Morton and Clair Malcolm; Malcolm, it will be remembered, played a stellar game with the Moose Domers of Calgary in their series with Varsity last year. He is a centre man.

Varsity will sponsor again this season besides a senior squad, intermediate and junior teams. Efforts are being made by Coach Henderson to obtain the services of Gordie Keel as assistant coach. Keel starred with the Green and Gold for two years, and is one of the most astute students of the game in the province.

Practices are being held in the upper gym on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 5:15 to 7:15 p.m. Anyone who is interested in making one of the three teams is asked to turn out as soon as possible.

If General Johnson wants his N.R.A. scheme to click, why doesn't he show pictures of screen stars endorsing it and telling how much milder it is than any other scheme whatsoever?—The Macon Telegraph.

Two Game Series Scheduled For Vancouver Next Month

Total Points to Count—Reg Moir and Ivan Smith Unable to Make Trip—Art Kramer and Ken Creighton Back

After a year with no inter-varsity competition, the western universities meet on the gridiron again on the 9th and 11th of November, when the Golden Bears travel to Vancouver in an attempt to wrest the Hardy Trophy, emblematic of the intercollegiate championship, from its place in the trophy case at U.B.C.

The Wilson coached team will leave for the coast slightly stronger than it was in the last two games with Calgary's Indians. Both Gordon and Kramer will be back in the lineup after two game absences, and Ken Creighton will again be in his place in the line after missing the last game with the Indians.

Ivan Smith will be an absentee because of the knee injury that put him out early in the season, and Reg Moir will be unable to make the trip to the coast city.

Strenuous practices are the order of the day this week, and the boys are out on the snow-covered grid every afternoon polishing up the plays that are figured to bring the Hardy trophy back to the prairies.

The strength of the coast university is not known, but it is probable that they will be difficult to beat, especially with the advantage of playing on their home grounds.

The championship will be decided

in a two-game total points to count series, and if the Varsity are lucky enough to run into dry weather when the teams meet they should have an excellent chance of bringing home the championship.

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THE EUROPEAN CRISIS PART II

By Arthur Bierwagen

This is the second half of an essay by Mr. Bierwagen on the present crisis. In the first article it was demonstrated that whereas a year ago loud protests were being heard against Japanese aggression, the hue-and-cry has been raised now against Germany. There has been created a general atmosphere of war during the last year and a half. Mr. Bierwagen claimed that whereas the problems no doubt are very grave, sensational journalism, based on an inadequate knowledge of the situation and highly emotionalized with inflammatory national prejudices, has tended only to make the situation worse. We are being stamped into war. The disarmament conferences have not been particularly effective; we must not hope too much from them as yet. It is well, he concluded, to recognize coldly and frankly that the German demand for equality in armaments was based on a just plea for self-defence.—Feat. Ed.)

Nationalism is not of itself a thing of evil, but in many respects a thing to be desired. Stripped of its more aggressive aspects and left merely as an expression of local culture, rooted in the soil of a particular geographical area, and engendered of the centuries of tradition of the people who populate the area, it serves to impart to civilization a diversity which we should all be reluctant to lose. Our problem then,

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LOST—"The Winged Horse Anthology," which took wings after the English 2 lecture this morning. Reward. Merton T. Fyles. Phone 81115.

LOST—A pair of men's brown buckskin gloves, somewhere in the Med Building, on Wednesday morning. The initials, I.Y.J., stamped inside. Please leave at Gateway Office.

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FOUND—Near the drinking fountain in the Arts Building, a brown wallet containing a fish-hook, \$2.37 in small change, and two slightly soiled Calgary car tickets. Owner may have same by identifying it and paying for the cost of this advertisement. Phone Ted Bishop almost every evening at 82480.

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MICHIO ITO

By F. P. Macdonald

In the Occident, especially in the colder climates, dancing is mainly concerned with the moving of the legs. One dances with one's feet—naturally! How else could one? But Michio Ito, from Japan, does a dance in which he does not move his feet at all; standing feet astride in the centre of the stage, he dances with his arms and his fingers, his head and his body. For the dance is simply poetry and grace in motion; Michio Ito dances with his whole body.

When Michio Ito and his five assistant solo dancers danced at the Empire last Tuesday, a strong flavor of the Orient was very apparent. I refer not only to the native dances of Ito and Miss Betty Jordan, but to the whole program, with but few exceptions. Watch Ito in his Japanese Fan dance, in his Burmese dance, and then notice how almost all the other dancers partake of the same general style. So much arm and finger movement—and how exquisitely graceful! And again, did you notice how Mr. Warren Crosby in his Greek dance balances himself on his toes with his knee well bent? The tradition of Western dancing has always demanded rigid knees during toe work. This is but one example of what I mean. Ito was obviously the choreographer of all those dances, and he has put the stamp of his race upon them, regardless.

Not entirely, of course. The "Ballet Sentimental" is the type of thing that the late Isadora Duncan used to do, exclusively. The grotesque "Comica" dance of Betty Jordan, too, seemed to be in a class by itself; although some of its comically awkward steps were used by Nijinsky in certain of his ballets. Even some of Ito's own dances were eclectic, of course: the Pizzicato finale (described in the first paragraph), bears the impression of the modern German school under Mary Wigman; they go in for a lot of those shadow effects. So too Warren Crosby's "Nuit Blanche" is of the same influence.

The striking feature of every one of the performers was certainly their beautiful arm movements. Had you watched nothing else but their hands all evening, it would have been sufficient. Another striking point—and here again we see the Oriental influence—their faces always registered their emotions. One might say that they danced with their faces as well. Notice, too, that when they came out to take their curtain calls they never stepped out of character.

The dancers were Betty Jordan, Waldeen, Marjorie Booth, Lillian Powell, Warren Crosby, and Michio Ito himself. All were excellent outstanding dancers. Miss Waldeen has a good personality, and her pivots were marvellous. Her saucy Juba Dance was encoored enthusiastically. The strange-eyed Betty Jordan did a Javanese dance that was wonderful. And her absurd "Comica" dance brought down the house. Her awkwardness was so ridiculous after the weightless grace of the rest of the program; and incidentally, her castanet work was extremely clever. Marjorie Booth's outstanding number was her Faun. Lillian Powell is, however, the best of these; the softness of her arms was beautiful. Her graceful "Ballet Sentimental" and her sensuous "Leyenda Morisca" were marvellous.

One of the outstanding numbers of the whole evening was Warren Crosby's "Nuit Blanche." His pantomime study of the anguished monk was extraordinarily good. And in his Greek dance, what grace! The stage seemed too small for his talents: it made me think of a tiger in a cage.

(Continued on Page Six)

Mental Peregrinations

WE

We remember when, in our first years at the University, this matter of religion was a serious business with us. Like most Freshmen brought up in a fairly orthodox religious environment, we were at first shocked by the somewhat worldly attitude towards the doctrines of the church.

We had heard vague rumors in high school that the University was a cesspool of iniquity, where fast and loose thinking and living were the order of the day. After the first impact of new ideas and environment had diminished, we perceived the falsity of the rumors. While the thinking was far from orthodox, and to some extent only affected cynicism, there was something of the true scientific approach to religion, as well as to other topics, in the candid, questioning, thought-provoking manner in which these subjects were treated.

We remember that next to the inevitable discussion of womankind and sex, religion was the most popular and fruitful topic for debate in our many bull-sessions. God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, the Bible and the Church, were all subjected to a fiery criticism and defence in our almost nightly gatherings. Our opinions ricocheted from absolute faith to unconditional atheism, from unthinking acceptance to unthinking denial, till they finally settled down to a wise agnosticism or rationalized unorthodoxy. With a thrilling sense of free-thinking we engaged in diatribes and panegyrics on the Clergy, Voltaire, Spinoza, and H. L. Mencken. We went to debates on "Resolved that Religion has Outlived its Usefulness." We took to reading and contemplating on the lives and works of noted philosophers. We even attended a few S.C.M. meetings.

In short, the Great Change came into our lives, we endured mental conflict and anguish of the soul. For a few months the problem of religion irked us. But these growing pains of the mind were outlived. We attained

(Continued on Page Six)

I MAKE FREE

By Cynical Sam

Fun it is to sit in solitary splendor And watch the human spectacle Beneath the parti-colored murals of the Tuck,

To watch the studied ease with which Young students puff away upon their Turrets,

And hold forth upon Fate's Politics, The while they sip a washy liquid contained within heroic cup.

The cup emptied even to the clotted dregs of candied sugar,

They wander forth disconsolately into the night

Asking themselves why in Hell they ever came to Varsity.

Where, ask they, are all the thrills they heard related out of the mouths of hoary graduates,

The japes, the horse-play! Oh! well, they sigh,

We still have our coffee!

Meanwhile, the languorous co-eds loll Back in their chairs, each vying with the other

To create that subtle aura of sophistication

So sought after, popularly known as the Sorority Slump: white smoke pours from their nostrils.

Sycophantic young men provide a fitting Background for their heroic indecency;

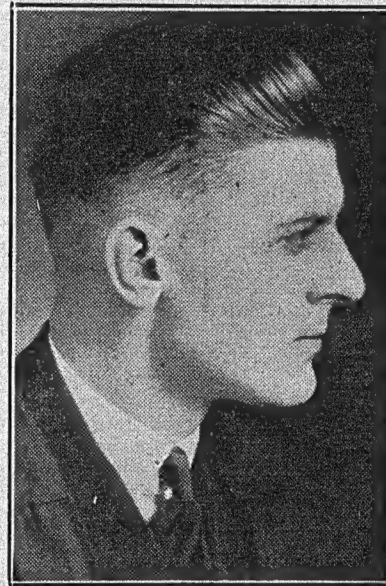
A scene of Hades at its most flagrant moment!

You have perhaps seen these men yourself.

They are the kind that lean forward with a concentrated look of athleticism and male determination on their brow,

As if to say, "I feel exalted in the society of sophisticated females."

WRITES ARRESTING ARTICLE



ARTHUR BIERWAGEN

Whose article, "The European Crisis" is concluded in this issue.

THE CARNEGIE ART EXHIBIT

By Don Freeze

If a picture can recall to the beholder memories of scenes once visited, if it can raise images of beauty dear to the heart, it has without doubt merit. The landscapes of Peter Whyte do just that. A native of Banff, he seems to have captured, with subdued tone harmonies, that austere feeling one associates with the Canadian Rockies. "Cathedral Mountain" and "Yoho Ice Field" are delightful reproductions of typical mountain scenery selected with masterful vision and set down in a truly charming manner.

However, it is for his delineation of Indian figures that Mr. Whyte has attained the international reputation he bears. A keen student of Indian life and customs, he uses individual characters to exemplify racial characteristics. In "Indian Girl" the figure seated against a mellow background has a simplicity of arrangement which is none the less forceful and bold for that reason. The quiet figure looking calmly into space exemplifies Indian patience and fortitude in a manner at once beautiful and serene. The accomplished brushwork of the artist has given the work a texture, especially noticeable in the skin of the face, which is comparable to that found in the pastel portraits of Grandmaison. The contrast of the conscientiously finished waistband to the vague rendering of the hands indicates the masterful selection of poignant detail of which the artist is capable. Mr. Whyte's work is indeed worthy of the attention of art-lovers on this campus, and warrants more than a cursory glance.

Emily Carr's painting has an appeal of an entirely different nature. She is much better known as Klee Wyk, the Indian sculptress, whose vases are in such demand at the delightful little totem poles and tourist resorts in the mountains and on the coast. Living a life of primitive simplicity, she regularly invades the wilds of British Columbia to acquire the Indian viewpoint. Of her success in this there can be no doubt. Her work in both painting and pottery is done in a manner which out-Indians the Indian. No great master of technique, she nevertheless uses what technique she has in a forceful impetuous way and achieves a keynote of rhythm peculiarly aboriginal. It is unfortunate, I think, that so much of her work has been sent to us. Fewer pieces, intelligently selected, would have been much more impressive.

Her work as shown may be divided into three general types. First, those which are clearly impressionistic and endeavor to express the spiritual awe of the Indian at natural pheno-

(Continued on Page Six)

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must be fed.*

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STUNNED!

Since childhood the antics of the contortionist have been a source of great amusement to us, so one can picture our enjoyment when one of The Gateway columnists recently achieved the unique feat of patting himself on the back while at the same time he kicked himself in the pants, if you know what we mean.

And speaking of feats of strength and endurance, our would-be athletes have entirely deserted the grid of late in favor of the House Dances. A flush of pride surges through our entire being when we see how well some of our students can take it, not only the men, but also the gracious ladies. One intrepid spirit claims that he had seventeen dances on a recent Saturday night, and was able to get to his room before succumbing to injuries sustained from spiked heels, elbows, shoulders and heads being thrust violently into and against him. However, we scarcely credit this story, not only because it seems to far exceed the bounds of possible human endurance, but also because of the patient's condition. When we interviewed this unfortunate man he was quite feverish, and was only able to relate his story in his more lucid intervals, between which he became very excited, and it appeared that his mind was wandering. One distressing symptom was a tendency to rise in bed and shout, "I can take it!" several times in a rapidly rising pitch, then to relapse gasping, "Kick me again, I'm still conscious." The doctor informs us that it will take two years' rest, then three years' physical training combined with heavy manual work, and a final polishing on a lumberjack rugby team, before he'll be able to go to another House Dance. And, added the doctor in a hushed tone, "Even then it'll be risky."

Mere male has stood it long enough. Now is the time for all good members of the soft sex to speak up. No doubt it was fine, virtuous and big-hearted of the menfolk to allow their female of the species equal rights in the multiple fields of human endeavor, but the present advance of women into the field of battle of modern business constitutes

one of the greatest threats to modern civilization that one can presently conceive. While working girls may be keeping the wolf from the door, they are also keeping the boys from marrying them. They are helping to keep out of a job the very man who might some day be asking them to pronounce his life sentence. Nobody is going to kid us that the average young working woman wants to end her days playing solitaire in the old ladies' home. Because of her desire to assert her independence she has become the victim of employers who seek a cheap wage slave. At least until the depression is over, girls who are not the sole support of their families (and whose position is not such as can only be filled by a woman) should be taken from their places and replaced by men and youths. The whole basis of our present system is the home and family relationship, and work should be distributed equitably through the family and between families in a similar manner where possible; and it is certainly possible in a great many instances today. Who wants sister Mary clicking a typewriter while brother Bill spends the day at household duties and the evening in self-commiseration. Woman's place is definitely in the wigwag with the papoose.

Is our face red? The other day we dropped in to see one of our most charming young co-eds, and found her bemoaning the fact that the estimable Gateway had failed to print her most recently contributed masterpiece. We were called upon to criticize the perspiration of her brow, and forthwith launched into a fiendish destruction of the whole thing, only to find the piece, exactly as originally composed, sitting up and sneering at us in the following week's Gateway. Is our face red?

MENTAL PEREGRINATIONS

(Continued from Page Five)

some sort of satisfactory solution and arrived at a moderate agnosticism. Nobody knew anything about God or a Future Life. All religions were fundamentally the same. They were built on an excellent moral basis, but all had too much dogma and ritual. The Church had become divorced from true religion and only tended to cramp your thinking or fetter your mind. The Bible was a literary masterpiece, but people distorted and misinterpreted it by their searching for hidden meanings and abstruse prophecies, which weren't there.

Having arrived at these eminently sophisticated and highly satisfactory conclusions, we (all except the S.C.M.'ers) immediately and completely forgot all about religion. Which was "A Good Thing." And when we returned home in the spring the folks accused us of being godless heretics.

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DILETTANTE

THROUGH A LOOKING-GLASS

Canadian politics are covering the pages of The Gateway, bringing new clubs into being around the campus, and actually invading Tuck Shop conversations. Is it that we are at last beginning to appreciate Canada? Or is it that we are beginning to appreciate our own present plight? Which ever it may be, it is nothing but commendable; and here it might be well to suggest a very fundamental background of perspective for these new interests, one which deserves considerable thought and might well form one basis upon which to make future decisions.

I harp back to that old adage, "Know thyself." Too often we forget Socrates, and

"As a man thro a window into a darkened house
Peering vainly will see, always and easily,
The glass surface and his own face

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

(Continued from Page Five)

Time was when generous concessions to Germany might have averted all this. The reduction of Germany's war reparations and the promise of last December to admit her to disarmament negotiations on the basis of equality, were steps in the right direction. But how the situation has changed! Precipitate concessions to Germany at this moment might possibly fail to achieve their purpose, and tend rather to confirm in the German mind the efficacy of employing bluster and threats to gain all she desires.

And yet, though the present European crisis appear ominous, the situation seems to me to be anything but hopeless. Although Germany like Japan has given notice of her intention to withdraw from the League, two years must elapse before such withdrawal can become effective, and in that time much can be done if the situation is properly handled. That our statesmen will continue to do their part with tact and forbearance is already evinced by the calm with which British leaders are facing the latest developments. If in the meantime the people behind them can be induced to maintain an equal equanimity we may hope for the best.

I am personally convinced that with the exception of a few hotheads nobody in Europe desires war, at least not for the present. The danger lies in the more distant future. If only the vociferous gentlemen of the press might be temporarily stifled in all countries, the situation might be greatly improved. It is when I regard such headlines as "Germany Reverts to Barbarism" and "Militant Germany Again Threatens World Peace" that I fear for the future. A recent article in a creditable American publication in reference to Germany states, "The nation has constituted itself into a mass of robots who roar and foam at the mouth and reel with berserker rage as the leaders, the 'heroes', press the emotional Germanic button." Such pronouncements in our press are worse than idiotic. They are suicidal, for such is the stuff of which wars are made. If this sort of thing is permitted to poison the mind of nation against nation, then the outlook for the future is indeed dark. In the course of my visit to Germany this summer I witnessed singularly few "roarings" and "foamings," and curiously enough escaped without being murdered. Germany to this day is one of the most orderly and well regulated of European countries, inhabited by a people, who while animated by a quickening national spirit, are hospitable and friendly, and, in my humble opinion, infinitely superior in a moral sense at least to our recent allies, the French.

As a people they impressed me as displaying singularly little resentment toward their former enemy, Great Britain, but as manifesting, on the contrary, a very wholesome admiration and liking for their English cousins. The German students whom I met were serious and well intentioned, and while being for the most part wholeheartedly behind their government in hoping to see Germany resume her place as an equal among the nations, they were unanimous and, I believe, sincere, in denouncing war as a means of securing that end.

Nothing can be more effective as a means of setting the stage for another conflict than to indulge through the press in a campaign of hasty criticism of the policies internal and external of a friendly power, and in or orgy of vilification of its leaders. Some of the tendencies of present day Germany are rightly to be deplored, but if we must indulge in criticism, let it be in every sense fair and impartial, taking full cognizance of the difficulties which have beset that country since 1919, and giving the present regime credit at least for what good it has undoubtedly achieved.

In the past three years the cause of peace has lost much of what it had gained during the previous ten. If that cause is to continue to do even so much as mark time during the next three, we shall have to do everything within our power to prevent ourselves from slipping back into the war psychosis of 1914-18.

But, oh, I wish I could see them all over again!

mirror'd thereon,
Tho' looking from another angle,
or hooding his eyes
He may discern some real objects
within the room—
Some say 'tis so with us, and also
affirm that they
By study of their reflection have
discovered in truth
There is nothing but that same reflection inside the house."

Let us look at ourselves through an Anglo-French window, and make some attempt to "discern some real objects within the room."

The Englishman and the Frenchman differ in type from the Canadian. In the face of the Englishman we find more character; in the face of the Frenchman more personality.

The Englishman is an athlete, manly, resolute, reserved, and probably the best-looking man in the world. You may say that character is cold and not amusing, that in fact too much of it is dull and boring. Yet the English character has made for a nation that soared to first place among the nations of the world—and England a tiny plot. Much do we lack of her, much have we to learn from her, but only can we learn it by finding those ideals within ourselves which we find most to prize in her.

In the Frenchman is personality—the spice which flavors life. It lifts a man above the drab slough of humanity, and colors the intense life above with all the bright hues of the rainbow, while finding reflection in the waters beneath. It is personality that makes the pages of history glow; that draws the crowds of worshippers to the foot of a god, and makes a man, Christ Jesus, to inspire half a world. It defines art, glorifies man and religion, and creates all.

Where do we Canadians stand? Where shall we stand? We are incongruous masses thus far without the traditions, history, literature and art to unify us, that is the heritage of every man born in an old world home. We are scattered over broad acres on a continent speaking one language, and unbeset by the unifying fears and jealousies and impossibilities of understanding which are the inevitable attributes of races, each a cramped portion of a mighty patchwork quilt of multi-lingual colors. By reason of our very different position we have both gained and lost—a nation of happy sufferers. With our greater freedom from bonds of tradition, our security and wealth, we are too apathetic, too complacent, and hence lacking in the qualities which make for character and personality.

At last we have seen through into that room, and we have seen real objects. Let us now look again at the face in the glass.

"A little glory shineth in this face;
As brittle as the glory is the face."
Shall we shatter that glass and help our selves to the real objects? Perhaps this economic depression may result in a spiritual boom. At least it reminds me of the old saying of an ill wind. . . .

MICHIO ITO

(Continued from Page Five)

And I loved his dainty pas de deux with Miss Jordan. But his Jester dance was disappointing, after the others; somehow it was not so satisfying.

And now Michio Ito. He gave five solos and two "pas de trois." His Oriental dances were by far the best. I am in no position to criticize the finer points of Asiatic dancing, but they were certainly beautiful to look at. His grace and lightness seem almost supernatural. And of course the final number, done to the Pizzicato Polka of Delibes. His rhythm, his precision, his feelings, to say nothing of the strenuous physical endurance required, were something to be marvelled at. His weakest dance was the Tango. Dressed up in Spanish costume, he does a solo tango that brings forth very markedly the difference between Eastern and Western dancing. I have mentioned the Oriental influence upon almost all the dances; here it is extremely noticeable. Oriental dancing is angular, European dancing is round. Notice the movements of his arms and his feet. He goes through the steps of a Spanish tango, but his movements are Oriental. He also lacked the sparkle of real Spanish dancing. It is Castilian with a Japanese accent.

But in his other dances there was no work against him. His two-tone poems were admirably expressive, and the comic Pierrot of the Arabesque was delightful. The whole troupe was excellent, but he is obviously head and shoulders above them all.

Dancing cannot be described in words, except by a poet who is as great a master of his craft as these artists are of theirs. Praise falls flat, because all you can do is repeat that they were graceful, for the other stock adjectives could all be used just as well to describe a huge steam shovel. That is why this tribute is so glaringly weak.

But, oh, I wish I could see them all over again!

SENIOR RUGBY NOTICE

Coach Wilson has announced that players now attending practices will get preference for coast trip

TAURUS

VARSITY SCHOOL SONG.

Taurus is anxious to hear the new Varsity songs that are to be handed in before Feb. 15, the music and words of which are to be written by a student, professor or alumnus of Good Old U. of A.. It is interesting to note that our old friend Democracy is going to come into its own. Yes, sir! the students as a body will vote on the merits of the respective songs. This will be a rare opportunity for some of our so-called musical critics to strut their stuff. Well, if the new song is no better than "My Girl She is a Queen," I hope the young composers choke in their first rendition of it. If there ever was a poorer song, more pitifully murdered than "My Girl She is a Queen," Taurus never heard of it. It is high time that this University had a real stirring school song—and by that we don't mean any hymn. Taurus would suggest that if no really good song is forthcoming from this contest, which is to net the successful composer from \$50 to \$100, the Council

CARNEGIE ART EXHIBIT

(Continued from Page Five)

mena "Mystery Wood" and "Sea Lights, Victoria," are of this type. In some of her true studies she seems to have been influenced by the modern cubist trend, but maintains even there her Indian manner. Second, those which treat general landscape subjects, in which she shows her ability in composing masses into interesting, well-arranged studies. "Light Hills and Dark" and "Lillooet Raucherie" illustrate well her vision and nicety of selection. Third, those paintings which treat details of Coastal Indian life. Miss Carr is able, owing to her intimate understanding of these things, to picture boldly the totems and huts of her native friends.

Whatever she lacks in technique is far overshadowed by her sincere desire to preserve and explore the art of her fellow tribesmen, for although English born, she is indeed an Indian princess.

In sharp contrast with the above, the charming prints of "Dick Wilcox," Toronto, draw to themselves deserving interest. A versatile worker with acid, dry paint, or brush, Mr. Wilcox is well known in Eastern Canada. He is at present in Edmonton, and has been seen making sketches of our University buildings. Working in a medium that has been thoroughly explored, he manages to attract attention and, more important, to hold it. His collection here, showing as it does, four methods of rendering, has an educational value which is appropriate to university exhibitions. Mr. Wilcox has added materially to the value and charm of this collection.

should secure a really creditable song from some outside writer.

FACULTY COLORS.

Taurus is pleased to see that the Dance Committee of St. Joseph's College Autumn Formal has printed on their invitations, "Faculty colors will be worn." It is a good idea; in fact, it should be carried out in all our Formals. There is an air of distinction about those colored ribbons stretched across the tuxedo shirt fronts in the direction of the right shoulder to the left hip. Not only does it make it possible to tell at a glance what faculty a man's in, but it brightens the otherwise drab male attire. Taurus would suggest to Freshettes and other young things that they turn to page 70 of the University Calendar and familiarize themselves with the respective faculty colors before they go to the dance—then they will not appear as green as usual.

Taurus would suggest that faculty colors should be worn at the Varsity Ball in Calgary. Then one would be able to pick out both of the Varsity men there.

POLITENESS.

In a former issue Taurus criticized the Freshmen for lack of politeness. Now the quarrel is with a Soph. How can the Frosh be taught proper decorum when a Soph at the door of the Philosophical Society's first meeting says to our Provost, "Well, wise guy, go back and buy a ticket."

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